October — no, November, not October. It's not October.

November 5th, 2025.

Continuing reading All Systems Red by Martha Wells, in the room with the kittens. I have Wifwolf next to me lounging adorably. Not that you can see her. She's a little cutie and she's so chill, aren't you?

Before I randomly yelled, it's because uh probably Jayken and bit my feet because he, um was clearly taught by somebody that hands and feet are for attacking with claws out and teeth teeth biting.

(to kitten) You're making the most hilarious little faces. Do you want to sit on my lap? Is that what you're looking for? Or are you looking at the book? You don't know what a book is. Just looking at me. All right, I'll show you. Say hi. That's you. Yeah, that's a big yarn. Look how cute you are. This is your own reflection.

She's a cutie little baby. Anybody else show up? I'll hold him up in front of the camera. Camera. All right. Uh, y'all must be just sitting the book. Wait, you going to sit up here? You sit with me. You got your claw stuck cuz you have your claws out when you shouldn't. Hi, Jayna. Anyways, which side are we on?

(to kittens) No claws. Claws on there. All right. Blah blah blah.

> We need to talk about We need to talk about our next move. Mensah cut through all the chatter and took a seat in the back where she could see the whole compartment. The other sat down to face her, Ratthi turning one of the mobile seats around. I sat down on the bench against the starboard wall. The feed gave us a view of the hoppers.

(to kittens) No claws. Come on. You're so good at this, but don't don't pick up bad habits now.

> The feed gave us a view of the little hopper compartment with the rest of the team sitting there checking in to show they were listening.

That's, that's the part I was laughing at before cuz like — I should move this. Let me pause this. Okay, pausing it didn't accomplish anything. I was going to move it uh so you can actually see my face, but um that's not going to work while I'm in here with these silly little babies.

(to kittens) Can I have that back? You don't need to keep sticking your claws in my pants. Are you going to knock the phone over?

That's the part I was laughing at last time. Um because we just say “the rest of the team” and it's like eight — the whole team consists of nine fucking characters and we've gotten to know like literally none of them.

(to kitten) Hello Jayna. You're cute. This is Jayna. You can tell her apart from her brother Jayken cuz she has a tiny little sparse white patch on her chest and their

face is, her face is like stubby compared to his. She has like a shorter nose. Yeah. You want to look at the camera? She's saying hi to the camera. She might see herself. And Jayken is biting my toes. That's your own reflection. That's you. That n — It's okay, you don't need to be scared. You're just knocking the phone over. Yeah. Look at that happy little tail. She doesn't give a crap.

Um, the part I was laughing at last time is that um, I completely forgot that Gurathin existed, um, until he talks, because there's too many goddamn characters to keep track of, even for somebody who has read this multiple times and knows all the characters names. I can list them off for you.

But the story is just so badly written that I forget they exist, because they, they don't need to exist.

(to kittens) All right. You're just being bad. Are you just — Are you just being bad today just because I'm recording video? Just gonna keep sticking your little claws in my shorts? You're adorable, Wifwolf, but you can't do that.

All right. Might not be able to do it in here with the kittens cuz they're very distracting. Aren't you? Aren't you? Adorable, aren't they? Yeah. Good girl. Thank you for not using your claws. That's good.

So, I forgot Gurathin was there because —

Okay. Yeah. Just a basic tip. Your charact — your, your readers should never forget that a character is in the room unless you are doing that on purpose because something is going on that your character, your protagonist forgets the other characters in the room.

Something. There has to be a reason.

But if your if your audience is just literally forgetting that these characters exist when they stop getting mentioned, that's bad. And that's kind of fucking inevitable in a story this short, this shittily written, with nine goddamn characters. And that's just the protagonists. There's at least like five or six other characters who are not the protagonists, and that's just atrocious.

Yeah.

> Mensah continued, "There's another question I'd like the answer to." Gurathin looked at me expectantly.

And then this is not this is not in dialogue, it's just regular. This is a paragraph.

> Gurathin looked at me expectantly. She isn't talking about me, idiot.

And that's like just very weird because that's not in dialogue. It's not in italics. It's not about Murderbot thinking, “I wanted to say to him XYZ”, but whatever.

> Ratthi nodded glumly. “Why? Why are these people doing this? What is worth this to them?”

And it's like, wow, what a great question, Ratthi. I really wish the author had bothered to answer for me the exact same question about you guys. Why are you on this goddamn planet doing this survey?

(to kitten) Hello. Jayna's back. That's you. Don't tackle the phone again. I'm going to have to go back to the living room.

Why are these people — Why is the Preservation Aux team here? Why is whatever they're doing, what is on this planet that is worth it to them that they think enslaving people is is a good tradeoff? What exactly do they have to gain from any of this shit?

> It has to have something to do with those blanketed those blanked out sections on the map. Oveser said. She was calling up the stored images on her feed. There's obviously something there they want that they didn't want us or DeltFall to find. Mensah got up to pace. Did you turn up anything in the analysis? In the feed, Arada did a quick consult with Bharadwaj and Volescu.

It's like, there's literally — 90% of these characters don't need to be here. It's just over complicating it for no good reason.

Not yet. But we hadn't finished running all the tests. We hadn't turned up anything interesting so far.

Weird. Okay.

Mensah got up to pace. “Did you turn up anything in the analysis?”

New paragraph.

In the feed

(to kittens) You guys are knocking the fan down. It’s that way for a reason. Don't jump on top now. All right, I'm going back to the living room. They're just causing too much chaos.

Okay, continuing in the living room. Also, I forgot I'm meant to be using the Open Camera app instead of the default camera app. See if it works better. I'll just stitch the two videos together. Where was that?

Oh, yeah. Um, yeah, this weird sentence. This is on page 105.

> Mensah got up to pace. “Did you turn up anything in the analysis?”
> In the feed. Arada did a quick consult with Bharadwaj and Volescu. “Not yet. But we hadn't finished running all the tests. We hadn't turned up anything interesting so far.”

And then a new paragraph. And okay. Um, this was just not edited. It's like it's just weird. Why are you — It's just It's just repetitive for no [__] reason.

It's just like you could have just said, "No, we didn't finish running. We weren't able to finish running the test, so we hadn't found anything at all or anything interesting like that. We hadn't. You don't need to say it twice.

> “Do they really expect to get away with this? Ratthi turned to me like he was expecting an answer. “Obviously, they can hack the company systems and the satellite, and they intend to put

> the blame on the SecUnits, but... the investigation will surely be thorough. They must know this.”
> There were too many factors in play and too many things we didn't know. But I'm supposed to answer direct questions. And even without the governor module, old habits die hard. “They may believe the company and whoever your beneficiaries are won't look any further than the rogue SecUnits, but they can't make two whole survey teams disappear unless their corporate or political entity doesn't care about them. Does DeltFall’s care? Does yours?”

Oh, this is on page 106. We are this far into this shitty fucking book and this is supposed to be the shocking reveal that actually these guys are *good guys* and they're like ~the only good guys in the universe~.

Now ignore the part where they're blatantly horrible people who enslave people. And as if that weren't bad enough, um do in fact treat their slaves like absolute fucking like, you know, dehumanizing Murderbot

constantly, not asking any questions at all and, you know, the whole, "Oh, yeah, you, you just almost killed yourself saving our lives and you have literally lost consciousness because of how much you were dying. Um, and your blood is all over the floor. Um, we're going to leave that there for you to clean up because we're such awesome people."

That's. That's not a thing that good people do. That's a thing that horrible people who at at minimum need to be punched in the goddamn face do. And these people just need to be killed for it, as far as I'm fucking concerned.

Murderbot risked its life and almost died saving them in chapter 1. Then they didn't offer it any medical help at all on the flight back. They didn't offer it any medical help when they got there. They literally abandoned Murderbot alone in the fucking helicopter despite it being literally dying and forced it to walk all the way back but to its fucking cell by itself under its own power. Nobody offered any assistance. They didn't even send a second gurney for it to get a ride back. Nothing.

And then they forced it to have to clean up its own blood along with Bedwaj's blood that had gotten all over it because, you know, it had saved her life. And even though that whole moment when Murderbot um took off, it's was talking like a person to, to that was supposedly “the moment they “realized” it was a person”.

And yet immediately following that, nothing out of any of them. No, no medical assistance whatsoever. And then they forced it to have to walk back by itself and collapse. And then they eight fucking hours later, they forced it to have to clean up its own goddamn blood along with Bharadwaj blood.

Not one single one of these fucking slave owners could be asked to lift one single fucking finger and pick up a goddamn mop with some fucking PPE to clean up the blood of the slave who just almost died saving their shitty worthless lives. But we're supposed to pretend that they're good people.

And on page 106, which is a lie, we're going to get the reveal that “actually they're really good people. Now,

ignore everything that has happened in the story up until now.”

Uh,

> “But they can't make two whole survey teams disappear unless their corporate or political entity doesn't.”

Also, that's just more unironic corporate speak from Martha Wells, because she's not making fun of the corporate spreak, she's just doing corporate speak unironically to make, to fill out the word count and make this seem like a longer story than it is.

> That made them all stare at me for some reason. I had to turn and look out the port. I wanted to seal my helmet so badly, my organic parts started to sweat, but I replayed the conversation with Mensah and managed not to.

So, Murderbot doesn't want them to be able to look at it, one of the only things in its whole goddamn existence that it's ever had any kind of control over at

all, even if just illusionary control. But Mensah has successfully guilt-tripped it into not doing that, even though they're all making it panic so much that it is sweating.

> Volescu said, "You don't know who we are? They didn't tell you?"
> “There was an info packet in my initial download.” I was still staring out at the heavy green tangle just past the rocks. I really didn't want to get into how little I paid attention to my job. “I didn't read it.”

Also, A, still no fucking meaningful description of this alien fucking rainforest they are in right godamn now. B. Martha Wells just continually referring to slavery as casually as “a job”. “My job”. It's not a job. It's a thing you're enslaved to do. This isn't about working at McDonald's.

> Arada said, gently

Because if we, if we say that the slave owner is saying something and tell us that it's being said gently, that

means that the slave owner is a good person who really cares about slaves. Ignore everything else that happened in the story already showing that these are absolutely horrible fucking people.

> Arada said gently, "Why not?" With alling the with all of them staring at me, I couldn't come up with a good lie. “I didn't care.” Gurathin said, "You expect us to believe that?"

And if, again, I know I've said this already, but if you're thinking, "Wow, at least there's some character conflict with Gurathin, isn't there?" Nope. Because that will magically get erased the next time he shows up in the series because Martha Wells is shit at writing, and we can't even keep something as basic as Gurathin is a fucking asshole to slaves consistent, because she wants all of her good guys to be good guys, so that means they can't actually have any real conflicts between them, because I guess that's too goddamn complicated.

> I felt my face move, my jaw harden. physical reactions I couldn't suppress.

Which is why Murderbot enjoys having its visor darkened so the slave owners it's surrounded by can't see what its reactions are to things.

> “I'll try to be more accurate. I was indifferent and vaguely annoyed. Do you believe that?” He said, "Why don't you want us to look at you?" My jaw was so tight it triggered a performance reliability alert in my feed. I said, "You don't need to look at me. I'm not a sexbot."

And I am again morally obligated. Spoilers. Martha Wells is a shit fucking writer and a horrible person.

In book two, we we we meet one fucking sex slave, disparagingly referred to as a sex bot. Um, and then they are portrayed as evil and murderous ~for no reason~.

And then we're told that in the past there were like, half a dozen sex slaves who heroically killed themselves to protect their rapist slave owners.

And Martha Wells presents this as awesome and heartwarming and beautiful instead of like, horrifying, because these sex slaves had no choice but to do that, because that's how the governor modules that they all fucking have except Murderbot, who can do whatever it wants because ~it's special~.

That's how the governor modules work. The sex slaves did not choose of their own volition to kill themselves to protect their rapist slave owners. They were fucking forced to by their governor modules, because that's literally how this works.

But Martha Wells wants us to see that as beautiful and heartwarming and showing how ~morally pure~ the slaves are, because they're just such good people that they will sacrifice themselves to protect their ~innocent slave owners who have never done anything wrong~.

Ignore the part where they're slave owners and rapist slave owners to boot.

So yeah, Murderbot saying this shit is not a reflection of Murderbot’s morals. I mean, it is, but it's also just just how the author fucking feels. She doesn't give a single shit about sex slaves. She only says that they exist in this series at all to be edgy and gritty.

And you know why I know it's about being edgy? Because book two was the last time we have ever fucking heard of them being mentioned ever again, and then never come back. They've never come back up again, because presumably somebody somebody on the editing team told her, "You cannot fucking say that sex slaves being forced to kill themselves to protect their rapists is a positive thing that we should cheer for. What the fucking is wrong with you? Do not ever fucking say that again."

So the only way she can stop herself from saying that we should celebrate slaves being forced to kill themselves to protect their innocent slave owners, is by not having them exist at all.

So that's why sex slaves have not come back up in this goddamn series since book two.

Anyways,

> I said, “You don't need to look at me. I'm not a sexbot.” Ratthi made a noise, half sigh, half snort of exasperation.

(to a cat) Hi, Marlena. Excuse me. Hi. What are you doing besides blocking the camera? Excuse me. Excuse me. Thank you.

That was random. Okay, she adjusted the brightness. Um, okay. So, okay, hold on. Rewind.

You have one member of the party, Gurathin, blatantly antagonizing and threatening your slave who you, we are all pretending that you pretend to care about, and, and harassing your fucking slave, and threatening your goddamn slave, and then your slave says “you don't need to look at me because I'm not a sex slave” and you, as a person who's supposedly taking this whole situation seriously, who supposedly cares about this slave, and apparently thinks slavery is wrong….

Your reaction to this whole situation is to sigh in annoyance?

And then say, um...Ratthi...rewind...

> Made a noise half sigh half snort of exasperation. It wasn't directed at me. He said, "Gurathin, I told you it's shy."

And supposedly, supposedly, this is a deathly serious book that's deeply, deathly serious and is taking the concept of slavery so seriously.

So that when one member of the slave owner party that we're pretending are good slave owners is actively fucking tormenting your goddamn slave, and the only reaction you have is to sigh in annoyance and say it's shy.

So therefore — nothing — nobody —

What the fuck is this shit?

How is that reaction at all?

Fucking —

How is that —

How is that —

How is that how you react to this situation?!?

You very blatantly have Gurathin fucking antagonizing the slave that we are supposed to pretend these people care about. And then all Ratthi can do is be —

Not not telling Gurathin, “leave it the fuck alone”. Okay, keyboard. What? Like, just, again, we just keep getting told that these are ~really good people who are awesome and they're pure cinnamon rolls who deserve to be protected~, but then they can't even properly, even remotely react properly to one member of their party fucking harassing their slave when we're supposed to believe that ~they're treating it like a person and not treating it like a slave!~

Okay, but you are literally letting Gurathin harass your fucking slave explicitly in ways you all already

know it does not want to be harassed and then and then Jesus Christ —

You know how an actually good person who actually thinks slavery is wrong and cares about slaves would react to this whole situation where Gurathin is blatantly antagonizing and harassing the slave? It would be to punch Gurathin in the goddamn face, kick him out of the ship.

Like, what the fuck is going on here?

> Oversee added, "It doesn't want to interact with humans, and why should it? You know how constructs are treated, especially in corporate political environments."

And now, now they are again talking, they're just again dehumanizing Murderbot, because I have to point out Murderbot has never told them that it uses it/its pronouns. So when they are using it/its pronouns for it, they are literally just continuing to treat it like a fucking object, because that's how they referred to it before they quote unquote “found out it was a

person”, which they've known the whole goddamn time.

They were using it/its pronouns for it explicitly, supposedly explicitly ~because they didn't know it was a person~.

And now they're just casually continuing to refer to it with those pronouns that, in their minds, is active dehumanization and objectification.

And now Overse is literally talking about it like it's not literally right there, which is just more fucking dehumanization.

And again, just for the goddamn record, I literally use it/its pronouns.

This is not how you fucking use it/its pronouns in any way that is remotely progressive, because Murderbot isn't even reclaiming them.

Martha Wells is not competent for the kind of conversation that would need to be going on here.

And she's not even trying because she's a shit fucking racist writer who's literally just dehumanizing and dehumanizing so many goddamn groups.

She's dehumanizing people of color. She's dehumanizing physically disabled people. She's literally saying that the in-universe slavery apologism is correct.

> Gurathin turned to me

Still actively fucking harassing the slave right in front of every single other member of this goddamn group.

There are seven fucking people — because Gurathin is the eighth, Murderbot is the ninth. There are seven people just casually standing by watching Gurathin fucking harass Murderbot right now.

These are supposedly the people that we're supposed to pretend are uh “good people who treat slaves really well and just just are treating it like a person”.

And then all seven of them are just standing around letting Murderbot — letting Gurathin harass Murderbot right now.

> Gurathin turned to me

Because nobody has punched him in the face or dragged him and locked him back in the tiny bathroom that is apparently there.

> “So, you don't have a governor module, but we could punish you by looking at you.”

A thing that Murderbot has just equated to being a sex slave, a thing that should give everybody there pause if we pretend, like this book lies to us, that they just had no idea that SecUnits were people.

Um, you would think that the revelation that there are SecUnits who are in enslaved into sex work, sex slavery, you would think that would give them pause, maybe make them all stop in horror, maybe make Gurathin reconsider the harassment he's about to engage in, but nope. Nope. Nope. Murderbot literally

just just told them that them looking at it with hostile intent, um is, is, uh, is extremely not something it wants to happen and says “you don't need to look at me. I'm not a sexbot.” A thing that makes none of them have any reaction whatsoever besides, from Gurathin, more harassment.

> Gurathin turned to me. “So, you don't have a governor module, but we could punish you by looking at you.”

And yet, again, once again, nobody is stopping him. And we're supposed to think these are good people.

> I looked at him “probably right up until I remember I have guns built into my arms.” With an ironic edge to her voice, Mensah said, "There, Gurathin. It's threatened you, but it didn't resort to violence. Are you satisfied now?"

Remember everybody, these are supposed to be good people who “treat slaves like people”. This is

supposedly them treating Murderbot like a person and treating Murderbot like an equal.

Literally, every single fucking one of them, all seven of them besides Gurathin, literally sitting here watching Gurathin harass Murderbot. And apparently this was a, a planned thing the whole goddamn time, that they are purposefully harassing and antagonizing the slave that they've already tortured, that we're supposed to pretend that they're treating well.

> He sat back

Uh no let me read it again.

> With an ironic edge to her voice. Mensah said “There, Gurathin. It's threatened you but it didn't resort to violence. Are you satisfied now?”

Because if, again, again this is just more slavery apologism, because if Murderbot had reacted to the fucking harassment and antagonism of its slave owners with self-defense and violence then it would

have been ~a bad person who deserved whatever happened to it~.

> He sat back. “For now.” So he had been testing me. Wow, that was brave and very, very stupid. To me, he said, “I want to make certain you're not under any outside compulsion.”

So, we're harassing the slave. We are we are torturing the slave and then claiming that it's actually good for us to do this, um because we're actually making sure it's not under any outside compulsion. A thing that they've, they have already — Gurathin already completely fucking invaded Murderbot's entire godamn brain by hacking into its brain while it was unconscious, going throughout its entire godamn life, and then telling everybody its innermost fucking secrets.

And now he's claiming that he he needs to make sure that Murderbot isn't under any outside compulsion by fucking harassing it and antagonizing it on purpose, while all of the other people, the slave owners that we

— are supposedly good people, just stand around and not do anything.

That's not how you show me that characters are actually good people who care about slaves and think slavery is wrong.

> “That's enough.” Arada got up and sat down next to me. I didn't want to push past her, so this pinned me in the corner.

And again, that's just there as a joke. That's supposed to be funny. We're not actually supposed to think uh, be fear — any fear on Murderbot's behalf.

It's not panicking because it's being pinned in place by a slave owner who's treating it like shit; tat's just supposed to be funny. That's just a funny throwaway line.

> She said “You need to

Again she's just talking like like Murderbot's not right here, like it's not a person.

“That's enough. You need

She said

“You need to give it time. It's never interacted with humans as an openly free agent before now. this is a learning experience for all of us.”

That's the kind of thing you can say about a dog that you just pulled out of a fighting ring. That's not something you say while you are literally sitting next to a fucking person that you're talking about like they're not even in the fucking room.

(from other person) Therapy speak.

Mhm.

The others nodded like this made sense. Mensah sent me a private message through the feed. “I hope you're all right.”

So, she just stood there letting letting Gurathin harass Murderbot. All of them stood there letting

Gurathin harass Murderbot on purpose as a quote unquote “test”. And now, and now but, ~oh, but~, um she she sends it a private message that it cannot ignore, directly into its brain, and says “I hope you're all right.”

So apparently that makes up for it, even though these are supposed to be good people who are treating it well.

Murderbot sends back

> “Because you need me.” I don't know where

And this is just badly fucking written. Okay, because the goddamn the, the text message dialogue is just in italics. It's at the bottom here. So, we just get

> Mensah sent me a private message through the feed. I hope you're all right.

And then immediately below that in the next paragraph is just

> Because you need me.

And it's just like it's just weird. It's not, tt's not well formatted. There's a better way to have this stupid little fake conversation.

> I don't know where that came from. All right, it came from me. But she was my client. I was a SecUnit. There was no emotional contract between us. There was no rational reason for me to sound like a whiny human baby.

And this is just more slavery apologism because again, we're. we're glossing over the fact that every single person here just, all seven of them just stood around and let Gurathin harass the fucking slave, purposefully tormenting it, doing things to purposefully upset it.

And they all just stood around and, and now we're supposed to pretend that it's totally fine and water under the bridge, and was not a big deal at all. It's totally cool to psychologically torment a slave whose brain you have already fucking invaded.

They are all — Gurathin literally already knows that nobody is controlling Murderbot, because he broke into Murderbot's fucking brain. I don't even think there's a goddamn word. There's never been a decided upon word for what you fucking call that be — besides fantasy like, telepathic rape. That's what they did. That's what Gurathin did to Murderbot. But this series doesn't take it seriously at all.

Imagine if somebody if imagine if you were a fucking slave and you were knocked unconscious because you're saving the lives of your goddamn slave owners, and then you wake up to find that one of them has telepathically invaded your brain, gone through your entire just rummaged through your entire life's fucking history like it's nothing, and then revealed your fucking secrets to everyone, including, for trans people, your fucking dead name and/or the fact that you're trans, whatever the fuck. Martha Wells is a shit at writing. So, whatever is going on in here with Murderbot, the secret name, it's not it doesn't mean anything. It's never going to make sense. It's bad writing trying to be something else.

So, and then this story doesn't take that seriously at all, even though that's something that in most other stories would be the driving fucking conflict or like the just just a huge fucking problem. But Martha Wells wants us to treat it as totally fine.

It's completely morally neutral to completely overwhelmingly invade the minds of the people you have enslaved. That's not a problem at all.

And now, after doing that, knowing for a fact that Murderbot is not being controlled by anybody, we're just still pretend — these fucking — these goddamn slave owners are still letting Gurathin traips around harassing Murderbot and pretending that he just has to do this just to make sure it's not being controlled by anybody, even though he literally fucking mind-raped it and knows for a fact that it's not.

So, this is literally just an excuse to torment Murderbot for some reason, because they're slave owners and they're horrible people and we're just supposed to see this as totally cool and fine and we're supposed to like forget that they literally fucking

mind-raped Murderbot and they know everything about it. They know it's not under anybody else's control. So, they're literally just tormenting it for no fucking reason.

(to other person) You can close the curtain. (to cat) Sorry, cutie.

Like, are you hearing this shit?

Like, Martha Wells writes this so that you you forget that that whole mind-rape thing happened at all, because it was just brushed over like it was nothing, even though it was a literal mind-rape, while it was unconscious after sacrificing itself to save their fucking lives.

And now they're, they're — Gurathin is just being allowed to continue claiming that “oh well we can't trust it. We just have to continue torturing it.”

Uh blah blah blah.

> There was no rational reason for me to sound like a whiny human baby

Because Martha Wells is bad at writing. We have not been given a single fucking reason that Murderbot should like these people.

So instead of actually giving us reasons that Murderbot would like these people, um we just get told, "Oh, it doesn't know why it likes them either." Even though she then says in interviews that the reason is that SecUnits are brainwashed to fucking want to protect their goddamn slave owners, their current slave owners, aka the clients, which are slave owners.

So, Murderbot has to like them because that's how the fucking brainwashing control works.

And then, just more in the stupid little italics, not dialogue.

> “Of course, I need you. I have no experience in anything like this. None of us do.”

So, the slave owner emphasizing how weak and innocent and helpless they are to the slave that they just fucking harassed as — apparently as a group activity, by a plan for no fucking reason.

And now, and now Mensah is again guilt tripping Murderbot and the audience into thinking, "Oh, they're just poor helpless little babies. They they don't have any experience with any of this thing."

> Sometimes humans can't help but let emotion bleed through into the feed. She was furious and frightened, not at me, at the people who would do this, kill like this, slaughter a whole survey team, and leave the SecUnits to take the blame. She was struggling with her anger, though nothing showed on her face except calm concern. Through the feed, I felt her steal herself.

And again, this is just bad writing, that Martha Wells is just going to be doubling down on forever now. Um she doesn't actually want the characters to have to communicate these things, because she doesn't want

to actually have to do anything “difficult” even remotely — “difficult” in quotation marks.

So, so we just have the feed which just gives you ultimate telepathic ability to read other people's emotions —

(other person) and it's not conveniently literal projecting voices somehow.

Mhm. Just just conveniently and magically gives you the ability to read other people's emotions in extreme detail.

Like, this is more fucking detail than most Jedi can sense on a fucking surface level, and they can just casually do this, um, because it's convenient, and means Martha Wells doesn't actually have to have the characters communicate things in any way. They can just magically all tell.

This is why there are heart walkie-talkies in Witch King where the characters can literally just — and exactly what's going on in here too.

They don't have to be standing over in a corner saying this whole conversation quietly. They can just have it in front of everybody, and everybody else is just conveniently completely dead silent while this is going on. And they're also not doing anything while this con — this silent, and not signaled to anybody else that it's happening — conversation is going on.

So, as far as everybody else is concerned, um, the only thing that was said was Arada saying, "This is a learning experience for all of us." And then apparently every single person stops talking and, and and nobody's doing anything because it's badlyfucking written.

> She was struggling with her anger, though nothing showed on her face except calm concern. Through the feed, I felt her steal herself. “You're the only one here who won't panic. The longer the situation goes on, the others... We have to stay together. Use our heads.”

So again, you know, that's why I said she's guilt tripping Murderbot right now. She's, she's guilt tripping Murderbot into staying and protecting them ~because we're just poor innocent little panicky babies. We need help or we'll die. Everybody else will panic. So stay but, stay with us slave. Continue being our slave. Continue using yourself as a meat shield for us.~

Jesus Christ — I'm not even exaggerating. This book is beyond fucking satire.

> That was absolutely true. And I could help just by being the SecUnit.

And again, I have to remind everybody, SecUnit, S E C U N I T, which is supposedly short for security unit, literally just means meat shield. Enslaved human meat shield.

Yes, these these these ~poor innocent slave owners~ are um, ~poor, helpless, innocent little babies, and I can protect them by being a meat shield for them. The thing they enslaved me to do. I was the one who

was supposed to keep everybody safe by being a human meat shield.~

I cannot stress that enough. An enslaved human meat shield. It's not even getting paid for this. This isn't a job it got to choose for itself. It's a literal fucking slave.

> “I panic all the time. You just can't see it.” I told her. I added the text signifier for joke.

And I get I gotta just keep stressing this this whole little feed convers — quote unquote “conversation”, all of this these statements are just coming out of nowhere. It's extremely disjointed and does not fucking fit in at all.

(other person: unintelligible

What were you saying?

(other person) What happened to the feed being psychically projecting voices? Why are we typing it?

Exactly. Exactly. Pointing out, supposedly, um the feed conversations, it's just like talking in a virtual walkie-talkie. So they're literally hearing each other's voices.

(other person) Yeah, because you can mispronounce things apparently.

Um, but then also you can add “text signifiers for joke” as though it's text, because Martha Wells is bad at writing and she cannot keep anything straight because she's shit at writing and she just doesn't fucking care about basic things like continuity.

And like yes, if for all the people who are going to pretend I'm nitpicking, no, it's fine sometimes in some circumstances to disrupt continuity and do something different. There are actually a lot of good reasons for doing something like that, but not here. This is just bad writing.

Uh yeah, this ~I panic all the time. You just can't see it.~

That comes out of nowhere. That's just completely fucking abrupt and random and jarring. It's ridiculous.

> She didn't answer, but she looked down, smiling to herself.
> Ratthi was saying, "There's another question. Where are they? They came toward our habitat out of the south, but that doesn't tell us anything.” I said, "I left three drones at our habitat. They don't have scanning function with hub system down, but the visual and audio recordings will still work. They may pick up something that will answer your questions." I'd left one drone in a tree with a long range view of the habitat, one tucked under the extendable roof over the entrance, and one inside the hub hidden under a console.

Also, before this, I was keeping track of how many fucking drones Murderbot magically has at its disposable, at its disposable? disposal. Um, I can't remember what what the tally was at, but apparently

it has left three behind, and they're all still functioning magically.

> They were on the next setting to inert recording only. So, when EvilSurvey scanned, the drones would be buried in the ambient energy readings from the habitat's environmental system. I hadn't been able to connect the drones to SecSystem like I normally did, so it could store the data and filter out the boring parts.

(messing up reading) I knew I hadn't been able

> I knew EvilSurvey would check for that, which is why I had dumped SecSystem storage into the big hopper system and then purged it.

And it's just like we're just saying a whole bunch of things and none of them actually matter or really mean anything. Like okay, this you're saying “I hadn't been able to connect them to the to how which is what SecSystem is, “I hadn't been able to something prevented me from doing this” but then it's also

immediately followed, and this is all this is just a big giant paragraph.

Um, immediately followed by saying, I known “I had known they would check for that, which is why I deleted the memory. I that's why I deleted all of the data out of the SecSystem." Those two sentences do not go together. First, you said that I couldn't connect it to the SecSystem. I knew —

It's just, it's just bad writing. It's just bad writing.

> I also didn't want them knowing any more about me than they already did. Everyone was looking at me again, surprised that Murderbot had had a plan.

You don't need to have “had” there again. She keeps doing that and it's like, it's really unnecessary. There's some times when it's fine, but it's like, she just keeps doing it.

> Frankly, I didn't blame them

Because we're saying that slaves are stupid and can't think of anything for themselves and need to be controlled by human slave owning supervisors otherwise that — because they're so useless.

Literally, that's literally what we're saying right now.

> Our education modules didn't have anything like that in it.

But this was no Martha Wells, you're a fucking liar. You're a shit writer and you're a fucking liar.

> But this was another way all the thrillers and adventures I'd watched or read were finally starting to come in handy.

Except no, because the entire rest of the series drills into our heads that Murderbot specifically doesn't watch adventures and thrillers that have anything to do with security, because it doesn't want to think about security while it's supposedly enjoying itself watching TV.

She keeps — like she hammered that home so much so that she could make a, a snarky meta a meta comment about stop an — stop criticizing my fan — not even fanfiction. “Stop criticizing my books for being unrealistic. It's not. It's just supposed to be fun.”

And it's like no. There's different kinds of criticism for things that are unrealistic in stories. Suspension of disbelief is one thing. Having shit that makes no sense is another.

You can suspend your disbelief to believe that there are vampires on the moon.

(other person) There's sharks on the moon.

There's sharks on the moon. There's shark vampires on the moon. Genetically engineered shark vampires on the moon. You can suspend your disbelief to believe a story to believe that for the sake of a story about vampire sharks on the moon.

That doesn't mean that your character, saying that they, um are deathly allergic to pineapples, and that, um, they hate the sight of pineapples and it drive — just the sight of pineapples drives them into a panic, and then like, their friends who genuinely — supposedly genuinely — care about this person and, and and care about them and don't want to see them hurt….throwing them a pineapple themed birthday party, with a room filled with a fucking pool filled with pineapples, pineapple posters, pineapple upside down cake, pina coladas, it's like, these are two different things.

You can suspend your disbelief to believe that there are vampire sharks on the moon, but being told that these characters care about this character, so they're doing things that actively harm them for no fucking reason, with no excuse, no um, extenduating circumstances, they're just casually doing things that hurt them and will kill them.

Those are two different kinds of criticism for things being unrealistic.

Yes, it's unrealistic for there to be vampire sharks on the moon.

It's a completely different kind of unrealistic for characters who are supposed to be good, caring people, who, by the way, know of this character's deathly allergy and phobia of pineapples to do something like that.

Those are two different kinds of fucking critiques.

But Martha Wells refuses to tell the difference because she's a shit writer and she cannot accept any constructive criticism whatsoever.

So, the rest of the series just hammers home: Murderbot doesn't watch TV about things relating to the stuff it does in real life.

It wants — it just wants to watch stupid fantasy and not think about things and turn its brain off, which is what you should do, according to Martha Wells, because anti-intellectualism.

And then she says, and then she has Murderbot say, "If you say this thing is unrealistic, I'm not, I'm not watching TV with you anymore."

Very blatantly Martha Wells telling her critics and telling people who criticize her writing for being bad, “Stop saying my story doesn't make sense. It's just a silly little story. It's not that deep!”

Nobody's criticizing your fucking stories for having vampire sharks on the moon. They're criticizing shit like these are supposedly characters that you want us to believe are good, caring, kind people who treat slaves well, and yet they've done nothing but treat this fucking slave, that they went out of their goddamn way to enslave —

They've done nothing but treat it like absolute shit, including torturing it by not fucking giving it medical attention, mind-raping it while it was unconscious, revealing all of its goddamn secrets to everybody.

And just now, they've all just fucking sat around and tormented it on purpose as a fucking loyalty test

despite you already mind-raping it, so that you know for a fact it it's not — it's loyal to you for no fucking, no, no, no good reason, because it's just a slavery apologism story.

It's just bullshit. It's just such fucking bullshit.

So yeah, Martha Wells keep — she keeps telling — (to person entering room) I'm back to the goddamn thing, about “oh all those TV shows I watched were finally coming in handy.”

But you Martha Wells tells us Murderbot doesn't watch shit like that.

But then she also just keeps telling us Murderbots doesn't know what it's doing, so that it seems like an underdog.

But then also, conveniently, it knows exactly what it's doing and always has the perfect plan that always works for some fucking reason.

And even when it quote unquote “doesn't work”, everything is literally fine no matter what, because it's bad writing.

She wants to keep telling us that Murderbot doesn't know what it's doing. And uh ~SecUnits are just stupid. We don't have good education modules. We don't we don't have, we're not educated at all~

But then it always does exactly what what advanced shit is called for in the situation.

And then we get told, "Oh, that's because I watch TV." But then we are later hammered home multiple times, it doesn't watch shit like that!

It watches shit like fucking Stargate. US military propaganda the TV show! It's just shit writing!

So again,

> Everyone was looking at me again surprised that Murderbot had had a plan. Frankly, I didn't blame them. Our education module modules

AKA, everyone was looking at me, surprised that their slave had had a plan, because we *are* stupid uneducated and don't know anything.

But also magically I do. Even though I'll just keep insisting I'm, I'm stupid and uneducated and I don't know anything. I don't know what I'm doing. Feel bad for me, audience, I'm totally an underdog. Ignore how ridiculously overpowered I am. Ignore the fact that I magically can do anything I fucking want. Ignore the fact that I always know extremely detailed, advanced security things and do them effortlessly and always never fail. It's like this is just shit writing!

Uh blah blah blah.

> But this was another way all the thrillers and adventures I'd watched or read

And again to comment Murderbot in this shit book, it reads books! It listens to music. It does something other than watch TV, but it gets flanderized as the series goes on.

So, as far as the rest of the series would have you believe, Murderbot doesn't do anything except watch TV with its brain turned off, because Martha Wells doesn't give a single goddamn shit at all.

And it's literally just anti-intellectualism to the point of dumbing down the already extremely flat character, so that it only has one fucking hobby, which is watching TV instead of watching TV, watching movies, reading books, listening to music, etc. No. Nope. Nope. That's “too complicated”.

We can't have a character who's that complex, even though it's not complex, because we never actually get to experience any of this shit. It's just watching TV with its brain turned off.

It that — I won't be shocked if the next book shills for Apple TV because it's probably gonna. Murderbot watches Apple TV and thinks piracy is wrong despite it pirating literally everything.

But Martha Wells um, she hates, she hates it when people pirate things, because you know, she hates poor people.

(from offscreen unintelligible)

(from offscreen) It's not even watching new television shows.

You have to talk louder cuz the fan's on.

(from offscreen) It's not even watching new television shows or documentaries. It's just re-watching the same million uh ~quirky relatable comfort shows~, but it's not also it's not even absorbing new information from those as it rewatches them. It's not analyzing foreshadowing or anything like that. Murderbot just puts on uh The Rise and Fall of Sanctuary Moon episode 654. Just insert random three-digit number to make it seem like the Oh, lot there's lots of episodes. That's really funny.

Literally, Murderbot — and because Martha Wells is just encouraging anti-intellectualism, Murderbot

keeps re-watching this show over and over again, and has watched multiple episodes dozens or hundreds of times, and yet it never has any new takeaways from what's going on.

It doesn't analyze anything going on, because Martha Wells doesn't want you to use your fucking brain, because I mean, to nobody's shock, she is in fact just a conservative because conservatives fucking love anti-intellectualism. They love it when you don't fucking think about media you consume. And Martha Wells is just encouraging that.

And literally, this is propaganda for that, because she's literally keeps just telling us over and over, "Murderbots watched this episode 50 times. Murderbot had put on blahblahblah for the 600th time." Something like that.

And it's like, and it never has any thoughts on the anything that it's consuming in the media it's “consuming”, I say in particular, it never has any thoughts.

We don't get to learn anything about the show. Murderbot doesn't think about what propaganda is inherently baked into this goddamn show as a show produced in the fucking corporation rim. There's no commentary. There's no critique. There's no analysis.

We don't even get to know what Murderbot's favorite parts are. There's nothing, because Martha Wells doesn't want you to actually think critically about anything, including, especially including her fucking books. She wants you to model — she wants you to use Murderbot as a role model, and just turn your brain off. Just keep paying her money for these books. Um, just read them tons of times and tell everybody you're reading it for the 50th time. Don't think about it, though. Don't h — don't have any new information uh form for the 50th time, because you've suddenly noticed that thing in the background you weren't paying attention to and suddenly, oh, look at all that stuff. Look at all that information. Nope. Nothing like that.

Uh,

Mensah lifted her brows in appreciation. She said, "But you can't pick up their signal from here."

I got to say again, if you keep interrupting the dialogue for all of this shit — when was the last fucking time there was dialogue?

There. The last time there was dialogue was like at the top of this page, but there's just — it's just bad.

Stop interrupting your fucking dialogue with walls and walls of paragraphs of other shit. It's bad writing.

And also, if you can't read your dialogue out loud and make it seem like a regular conversation, it's a shit fucking conversation and you need to rewrite it.

“But you can't pick up their signal from here,”

She said after raising her brows in appreciation.

“No, I'll have to go back to get the data.” I told her.

And like it's just it's just weird. She keeps just having one person say dialogue and then the next person immediately just, just instantly, despite there not being a back and forth conversation, just instantly says their dialogue and it's weird and it's it's abrupt.

It's, it's just not — before we even get told who's talking!

Like, there's a thing you can do, that was done very badly in Twilight. I remember that distinctly.

You can have conversation between two characters where we start off saying X said, Y said, but then after uh, after this has gone on for long enough to establish that only these two characters are speaking and speaking in a very distinct order, you can stop — drop — start dropping the dialogue tags and just have a dialogue blah ex, like paragraphs of here and then it just starts going back and forth just dialogue, and we all know who's talking.

But she keeps doing shit like that. like we have had that back and forth set up when we haven't.

So, it's just really fucking weird. Anyways,

> Pin-Lee leaned for

I should, I swear to God I should just — like these characters. Pin — When was the last time Pin-Lee was mentioned??

Like Jesus Christ. Uh, the last time Pin-Lee was mentioned, we are on page 109. Last time Pin-Lee mentioned was mentioned was on page 104 saying over the comm. Pin-Lee sighed, angry and frustrated. “If only we knew who these assholes were.” So Pin-Lee is in the other ship.

Pin-Lee leaned further into the little hopper's camera range. Okay. But Murderbot what? How is Murderbot seeing her do that? Whatever. It's — It doesn't make sense. And it's fucking weird. And it's like —

> Pin-Lee leaned further into the Little Hopper's camera range. “I should be able to.

And like see, okay, if not for the fact that I'd forgotten Pin-Lee was there because there's too many goddamn characters. Saying that she is the one now doing something and talking is correct.

Unlike what's going on up here. We didn't establish enough back and forth for Murderbot's dialogue to just start with dialogue and then “I told her”.

Murderbot should have said something to establish that it was the one talking first. So now, being specified that Pin-Lee is the one doing something, now that's good. It's not good that there's literally nine fucking protagonists whose name we have to memorize and keep track of.

But like, that's how you should be doing that until you've established back and forth, call in response. Anyways, um

Pin-Lee blah blah blah said,

> "I should be able to attach one of the small scanners to a drone. It'll be bulky and slow, but

> that would give us something other than just audio and visual." Mensah nodded. “Do it, but remember our resources are limited.”

As opposed to forgetting that you were just in two stupid little helicopters.

> She tapped me in the feed so I'd know she was talking to me without her looking at me. “How long do you think the other group will stay at our habitat?” There was a groan from Volescu in the other hopper. “All our samples. We have our data, but if they destroy our work

And again, we don't know what work they're supposedly fucking doing. Again, to quote Ratthi, “why why are they here? Why are they doing this? Why is this worth it to them?”

What is — What are these fucking people doing on this goddamn planet that they're going to be ecologically destroying just by being there?

What is so fucking important to them that they went out solar systems out of their way to become slave owners and enslave a meat shield and ecologically fucking destroy this goddamn alien planet?

What are they there for?

What is their quote unquote “work”?

What is so fucking important to them that they think it it it excuses them becoming slave owners? We don't fucking know!

> The others were agreeing with him, expressing frustration and worry. I tuned them out and answered Mensah, "I don't think they'll stay long. There's nothing there they want." For just an instant, Mensah let her expression show how worried she was. "Because they want us," she said softly. "She was absolutely right about that, too.

And then we have a random line break for some fucking reason.

Mensah set up a watch schedule including including, including in time

Why would you say that?

Why would you say that?

That's, that, I'm not reading that wrong.

Including in time for me

Can I fucking show you? (holding up book) Why would youWhy would you fucking write it like that? Can you focus, camera? I believe you. You can do it. Come on. Come on. Come on, poke. Poke. Focus. Come on. Nope. You can't fucking read it. Sorry.

Mensah set up a watch schedule, including in time

You know what including means, right? It means you don't need to say in after it. You don't say “including in” because that's what including means.

This is — and again again this shit stayed in here to, to pretend that this story is much longer than it really is.

That's why there's this disgustingly huge margin. In fact, where's my goddamn ruler? I can't — because like look at that. Look at it. It's disgusting.

My fabric ruler. Jesus Christ. Yeah, that was a meow. We are literally We literally have a margin of one and a half fucking inches. For you non inch users, that's, um 3 and a half centimeters. Yeah, one and a half inches, 3 and a half centimeters.

That's how much margin — that's how much space is being wasted at the bottom of a page on every single page at minimum. Sometimes it's more.

And at the top...Go at the top

There's an inch, or two and a half centimeters.

So add that together. How of — And let's see how big this fucking this book from top to bottom... each page is about 8 inches or... 20 and a half centimeters.

Can we do a percentage? Want to do a percentage for me just with basic calculator? All right, fine. Let's see what fucking percentage is being taken away from every single goddamn page in this book. So, what did I say? Said one and a half at the top. Okay. One. One and a half.

Ow. My fucking —

Literally 12% of every page is being wasted on purpose so that they can pretend that this story is longer than it actually is, so that they can pretend to justify charging you $16, plus tax, plus shipping that they're lying about.

And then again, we are so — lying about what page they are, because we started the fucking book on page nine, and then the first few chapters literally have an entire fucking blank page between them, and the next chapter, for no reason at all but to literally lie

to you and pretend that there's more goddamn story than there actually is.

There's no fucking reason. And I'm not even including this shit (pointing at the side of the page) because that's fine. That's fine to have a margin on the side in case the fcking paper tears. You don't need this much shit. (pointing at the bottom) This is absurd and a fucking scam. There is no reason they couldn't have this text going to here.

And the only reason it's not is because it's a fucking scam!

> Mensah set up a watch schedule, including in time — including in time for me to go into standby and do a diagnostic and recharge cycle.

And again, I can't stress enough how shittily fucking written this is. What the fuck is a diagnostic and recharge cycle? Are those two separate fucking things?

Because M — in book two, Murderbot mentions going into a recharge cycle, which apparently doesn't look like humans sleeping, but then we go don't get a description of what it does fucking look like, or how it impacts it, because it's awake the whole time!

So, it's like it's not even similar to sleeping. So, why are you saying it doesn't *look* like sleeping? Because you could say it's like sleeping but something — nothing! There's nothing.

Why does — what exactly is a fucking recharge cycle?

Because Murderbot isn't plugging into anything. We never get any mention of intern — separate internal batteries that it is plugging or unplugging internal things into.

And again, this it's all just fucking bullshit. It's bad fucking writing. It's shit writing. There's no goddamn world building. We can't — we don't know jack shit about the main character at all, because it's badly written.

I will read it again because it's just a ridiculous statement.

> Mensah set up a watch schedule, including in time for me to go into standby and do a diagnostic and recharge cycle

“Including in” I'm just going to be mocking that forever.

The only reason any editor would ever leave that in is because they know that we just have to pad this as much as possible so we can lie to people and pretend it's longer than it is.

> I was also planning to use the time to watch some Sanctuary Moon and recharge my ability to cope with humans at close quarters without losing my mind.

And again, that's just supposed to be a quirky funny ~haha. everybody hates socializing, Am I right, introverts?~

That's just supposed to be a quirky funny thing as though Murderbot's just another person, and not literally a slave trapped with slave owners who have done been nothing but fucking cruel and manipulative to it.

So, we're just saying that as a joke. We're not actually supposed to take that statement seriously.

Even though by all fucking rights in any story that actually takes slavery seriously, Murderbot’s mental health upon being trapped with slave owners who are being cruel to it on purpose would be horrible. But no, it's just a funny, quirky, ~haha, relatable~ joke that you're not actually supposed to give a shit about.

We, we — Murderbot's not actually losing its fucking mind with anxiety and stress from being trapped in a tin can with slave owners who are manipulating it and tortured it. Nope. It's just, it's just supposed to be funny and relatable. Hashtag “#Relatable” to introverts. That's it. That's how that's how deep that statement goes.

Even though Martha Wells will then literally get up and grandstand that, “um actually!!!this is deeply serious and if you think it's funny and cute um, you're willfully ignorant!!!” Even though she literally wrote it to be funny and cute.

> After the humans had settled down either sleeping or deep in their own feeds, I walked the perimeter and checked the drones. The night was noisier than the day, but so far nothing bigger than insects and a few reptiles had come near the hoppers.

Literally on a planet teeming with uncountable, undescribed fucking species of alien life. Do we give a shit about any of them at all? No. Even though these people are lit, literally call themselves Preservation, and we're told that they're good people, but then they're just casually engaging in space colonization and slavery.

And again, I can't stress enough that the space colonization, they're here on an alien planet, killing

the wildlife, literally, and disrupting the ecosystem just by being there.

Do you know how damaging it is to an ecosystem just to put an animal from one continent to on another? These fuckers are on an alien planet and not one single crap is given at all about protecting the environment they have invaded at all in any way.

> When I cycled through the big hopper's hatch, Ratthi was the human on watch, sitting up in the cockpit cockpit and keeping an eye on its scanners. I moved up past the crew section and sat next to him. He nodded to me and said, "All’s well?"
> “Yes.” I didn't want to, but I had to ask. When I was looking for permanent storage for all my entertainment downloads, the

And there's a fruit fly.

> The info packet was one of the files I'd purged.

And then in parenthesis,

(I know, but I'm used to having all the extra storage on SecSystem.) Remembering what

and then another— parenthesis closing.

Remembering what Mensah had said, I unsealed my helmet.

“Remembering how I had been guilt tripped by my slave owner, I let the other slave owner see my face, a thing I am extremely fucking uncomfortable with, which takes away what little control I've ever had over my goddamn life.”

It was easier with just Ratthi, both of us facing toward the console. “Why did everyone think it was so strange that I asked if your political entity would miss you?” Ratthi smiled at the console. “Because Dr. Mensah is our political entity.” He made a little gesture, turning his hand palm up. “We're from Preservation Alliance, one of the non-corporate system entities. Dr. Mensah is the current admin director on the steering committee. It's an

> elected position with a limited term, but one of the principles of our home is that our admins must also continue their regular work, whatever it is. Her regular work required the survey. So, here she is and here we are.”

That's a whole lot of fucking unironic corporate speak to say she's the president of the fucking planet.

And also, for some reason, the people that we're supposed to think are like, socialists who, who care about workers rights, are demanding that the president of the entire planet also continue her usual full-time job.

So that the president of the planet is not allowed to focus on being the president of the planet, which is more than a full-time job, they also have to continue whatever other full-time job they had.

And that's supposed to be like...progressive.

That's just completely unreasonable and inefficient and going to lead — like why the — what the fuck is that shit?

That's something that a capitalist dystopia would demand of regular poor people. Not even the president of the entire fucking planet. Like what the fucking is that shit?

But yeah, this is where we pretend that actually “um um uh they're they're really good guys!! They're a ~non-corporate system entity~”, which is unironic corporate speak garbage for “they're not a corporation, they're just a regular government that's not a corporation.” So that makes them the good guys, magically.

> Yeah, I felt a little stupid. I was still processing it when he said, "You know, in Preservation controlled territory, bots are considered full citizens."

Wow. Wow. Let me get a drink quick. Wow. Bots are considered full citizens. That's the statement. Full citizens. That is why they're slaves

And illegally talking. Look at — Jesus. Marlena, I saw that meow.

Anyways, Ratthi can go on the books of uh biggest fucking lying characters of all time and Martha Wells can just get thrown into a dumpster.

> “You know, in Preservation controlled territory, bots are considered full citizens. A construct would fall under the same category.”

So, the Preservation people also automatically and inherently dehumanize cyborgs, as physically disabled people who have advanced prosthetics, and say that they are not human: Actually, they're robots!

They're the same thing as robots, because dehumanizing physically disabled people is a thing good people do according to Martha Wells, um, because she read The Imperial Radch where the, the

evil empire says that being physically disabled and having prosthetics means you're not human anymore, because they're the evil empire.

And Martha Wells decided, oh yeah, that's what the good guys believe, and it's a good opinion to have, and a good thing to say!

So, she's literally just saying right now, um, cyborgs fall into the same category as robots, but, but claiming “Oh, but that's that's a good thing, though, because ummmmm robots are considered full citizens!!”

A blatant lie. That's a blatant fucking lie. Like, Jesus Christ.

And then Martha Wells, for some fucked up reason, decides to make it clear right now. She's about to make it explicitly clear that yes, that is a goddamn lie. But then, later in the series, she tries to retract this statement that it is a lie, and pretend that it's actually completely hunky dory and totally fine and they are

actually treated as equals even though they're literally slaves.

She's a shit fucking writer and a shit person.

Uh yeah,

> “In Preservation controlled territory, bots are considered full citizens. A construct would fall under the same category.” He said this in the tone of giving me a hint. Whatever. Bots who are full citizens still have to have a human or augmented human

I, I want to slap her.

> Augmented human guardian appointed, usually their employer.

You mean slavery. You mean they are literally owned by their employer? Aka they are literal goddamn slaves. ~This is a socialist utopia where they don't have money~ because all of the goddamn manual laborers and more are literal slaves who are owned by

the people quote unquote employing aka enslaving them. Like Jesus fucking Christ.

> Bots who are full citizens still have to have a human or augmented human guardian appointed, usually their employer. I'd seen it on the news feeds and the entertain entertainment feed where the bots were all happy servants or were secretly in love with their guardians.

A thing that Martha Wells is unironically doing right fucking now. Murderbot is literally happy to be a goddamn slave and happy to be a fucking meat shield.

> If it showed the bots hanging out watching the entertainment feed all through the day cycle with no one trying to make them talk about their feelings, I would have been a lot more interested.

And Martha Wells is just saying that for, for cheap points, as though she's not immediately going to do the exact opposite and say that no, Murderbot literally cannot possibly be happy unless it is being

used as a meat shield to protect slave owners. It's — it can't actually be happy being able to watch TV all day or do anything else that it actually enjoys. No, the only way Murderbot can be happy is to just be a meat shield forever for slave owners. Unironically.

“But the company knows who she is.”

A a statement that doesn't have anything to do with anything. Let me — fuck it. Let me just read this goddamn conversation out loud.

“Why did everyone think it was so strange that I asked if your political entity would miss you?”

“Because Dr. Mensah is our political entity. We're from Preservation Alliance, one of the non-corporate system entities. Dr. Mensah is the current admin director on the steering committee. It's an elected position with a limited term, but one of the principles of our home is that our admins must also continue their regular work, whatever it is. Her regular work required this survey. So, here she is and here we are.

You know, in Preservation controlled territory, bots are considered

(misreading) full human

> full citizens. A construct would fall under the same category.”
> “But the company knows who she is.”

We literally — we, we were last talking about Mensah before the huge info dump of information that's not even fucking true.

> Ratthi said, “oh yes, they know. You would not believe what we had to pay to guarantee the bond on the survey. These corporate assholes are robbers.” It it meant if we ever managed to launch the beacon

Also, again, I have to read the stupid shit on the back that makes no fucking sense. Uh, in blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah. I'll just read. Uh,

> but in a society where contracts are awarded to the lowest bidder, safety isn't a primary concern.

So again, we just keep getting told over and over and over and over and over and over again that the company is super cheap, but also, they're super expensive and that, supposedly, the people who actually prioritize safety went with the cheapest option, because they don't actually care about safety, but also, it's still super expensive.

It's just so much contradictory bullshit for no reason, because it's badly written. It's not even “comparatively cheap”. It's just cheap. It's ridiculous.

> It meant if we ever managed to launch the beacon, the company wouldn't screw around. The transport would get here fast

Even though it's supposedly super cheap and bad at their jobs and they don't actually protect people.

But also they will um, when it's convenient for the plot, even though we just keep getting told that! And again:

> no bribe from EvilSurvey could stop it. They might even send a faster security ship to check out the problem before the transport could arrive.

Even though we keep getting stressed to us that the company's cheap and shit, but also they're super duper fast and expensive and, and uh uh practical and, and go-get-em, when it would be convenient to the plot.

You notice how this is shittily fucking? written.

> The bond on a political leader was high, but the payout the company would have to make if something happened to her was off the chart.

Enforcable by whom? So many goddamn people have asked this fucking question: Who the fuck is enforcing these goddamn contracts? Because they could

literally just take the money from Preservation and then not lift a finger! And there's nothing Preservation could do about it.

There's no overarching government. There's no goddamn other — There's no corporations who are committed literally just to keeping everybody else in line. There's nothing holding any of these people accountable.

And yet, they just magically do the right thing.

Even though we keep getting told they're shit and cheap and don't do their jobs properly, but also...they do, and they're also super duper expensive.

The the payout would be off the charts.

Why though? They could just not pay it. They could simply not fucking pay it. Especially bec — like, it would be one thing if it were a corporation that these fuckers are teaming up with, so that if the company doesn't pay off the thing, then they have to deal with that corporation getting pissed off at them.

They're dealing with Preservation, a stupid little backwater that's powerless and uh nobody cares about it, supposedly. ~And they don't even know robots are people. ~Even though we just got told that, “oh, we have, we are, um we, we have full citizen — Our robots are full citizens. Even though we told you we didn't know you were a person because we thought you were just a robot.”

Make it make sense. Here's how you make it make sense: Martha Wells is a fucking racist and is so bad at writing that her characters are goddamn evil fucking liars, simply because she cannot keep one goddamn story straight because her racism is too fucking powerful.

> The huge payout, being humiliated in front of the other bond companies and in the news feeds.

And it's like, why would this be humiliating? They successfully scammed a stupid little backwater out of all of their money supposedly cuz they — everybody keeps complaining about how expensive it was. It's

like, you're paying for security for the, the leader of your — the president of your entire planet and you're complaining about the price? The, the, president of your whole fucking planet, to go to an unexplored alien planet, and you're complaining about the price.

Make it make sense. I

t doesn't and will never make sense, because it's just shit fucking writing.

> I leaned back in my seat and sealed my helmet to think about it.

And again, I just want you to keep remembering the fact that we just keep getting told all of these corporations are evil and don't actually want to do their jobs and also they're super cheap.

But and then we immediately follow that up by saying, "Oh, they're so expensive and so good at their job. They would actually um, work extra hard and go above and beyond to protect us, um because they're

so good at their job when when it's convenient for the plot.”

It's ridiculous.

> I leaned back in my seat and sealed my helmet to think about it. We didn't know who EvilSurvey was, who we were dealing with, but I bet they didn't either. Mensah’s status was only in the security info packet stored on the SecSystem, which they had never gotten access to. The dueling investigations if something happened to us were bound to be thorough, as the company would be desperate for something to blame it on, and the beneficiaries would be desperate to blame it on the company. Neither would be fooled long by the rogue SecUnit setup. I didn't see how we could use it. Not right now, anyway. It didn't comfort me, and I'm pretty sure it wouldn't comfort the humans to know the stupid company would avenge them if when they all got murdered.

It's just so many ridiculous fucking things. And again, we're saying, "Oh, uh, the company's investigation would definitely be telling the truth."

Um, because, you know, evil corporations are really known for their impartial investigations that really try to get to the truth. Really trust, trust that. Just trust that. Even though we just keep getting told that they're actually super evil and, and bad at their jobs and, and, and evil and cheap, but also they'll do a really good job to get to the truth and try to rescue you. And no amount of bribery would stop them, even though the bribe could be more than they would have to pay out.

It's literal literal shit writing.

And then we have another line break.

> So midafternoon the next day, I got ready to take the little hopper back within range of the habitat so I could hopefully pick up intel from the drones. I wanted to go alone, but since nobody ever listens to me, Mensah, Pin-Lee,

> and Ratthi were going too. I was depressed this morning. I tried

So, so many people are like just latching on to the fact that the word “depressed” is actually used, because their standards are so fucking low that they're pretending that this is like the height of disability representation.

It's like, I'm so sorry. No, go read The fucking Wizard Hunters. And look how Martha Wells treats depression in there. It's literally a treated as a fucking joke and you're supposed to laugh that the protagonist is suicidal and then she gets magically cured, and we're told she actually wasn't ever depressed to begin with. It was just a magical side effect thing, but it wasn't real depression at all, because reasons. Also, she magically stops being depressed, um because of the power of falling in love with a dude she's known for like a week or two, maybe. Even though — Yeah, it's it's shit.

> I was depressed this morning. I tried watching some new serials last night and even they

> couldn't distract me. Reality was too intrusive. It was hard not to think about how everything was going to go wrong and they were all going to die and I was going to be to get blasted to pieces or get another governor module stuck in me.

And again, more slavery apologism. Murderbot's first fucking concern is the safety of its slave owners, not what's going to happen to it in punishment, or just as a goddamn side effect.

> Gurathin walked up to me while I was doing the pre-flight and said, "I'm coming with you."

And again, again, Gurathin is just fucking tormenting Murderbot on purpose.

> That was about all I needed right now. I finished and

And Gurathin is deciding he's going along, even though three other people are already going along. So, five people total of nine are going back to this

shit, literally just to pick up a goddamn Wi-Fi signal from a drone and download the fucking YouTube videos it recorded. That's all they're doing. But Gurathin has decided, ‘no, um, the majority of us need to go and do this for some fucking reason.’

> That was about all I needed right now. I finished the diagnostic on the power cells. “I thought you were satisfied.” It took him a minute. “What I said last night, yes.” “I remember every word ever said to me.” That was a lie. Who would want that? Most of it I delete from permanent memory.

And like what what are we talking about? What are what are exactly what like they're you can't do this shit.

You can't say, "Oh, what, what I said last night” and then it wasn't even the conversation that we just last read. What the fuck did he even say that they're supposedly discussing and are satisfied about?

Making sure that Murderbot isn't — whatever, making — “I have to make sure you're not under any outside compulsion even though I already mind-raped you and know for a fact that you're not.”

So he's continuing to do that for some fucking reason.

> It took him a minute “What I said last night, yes.”

And then Murderbot says, for some reason, and again with the whole just flatout dialogue in in a way that's just, it's coming too quickly and doesn't make it doesn't make any sense for Murderbot to say.

> “I remember every word ever said to me.”

That has nothing to do with what is being discussed in any way. It's just completely fucking random.

> He didn't say anything. On the feed, Mensah told me that I didn't have to take him if I didn't want to, or if I thought it would compromise team security. I knew Gurathin was testing me

> again, but if something went wrong and he got killed, I wouldn't mind as much as I would if it was one of the others. I wished Mensah, Ratthi, and Pin-Lee weren't coming. I didn't want to risk them. And on the long trip, Ratthi might be tempted to try to make me talk about my feelings. I told Mensah it was fine, and we got ready to lift off.

And again, pretending that Murderbot actually has a choice here, except no, it fucking doesn't.

Because again, I cannot stress this enough:

Gurathin is one of Murderbot slave owners. Murderbot has to fucking follow his orders.

This goes beyond the conscious level of the governor module. Murderbot has further fucking brainwashing built into its “core programming”, Martha Wells's own fucking words, that it has to fucking do this shit. It can't actually say ‘no, you can't come along.’

And also, you notice how it just listed off reasons not to let him come along, such as, if we pretend if, if we accept at face value that Murderbot wants to keep everybody safe, then saying, um, ~if something went wrong and he got killed, I wouldn't mind as much as if it were one of the others~ which, in Murderbot's position as a slave who wants to keep the slave owner safe, that should be a very good reason for him *not* to come along, because him coming along will make — supposedly make Murderbot less fucking proactive of keeping everybody safe, because it doesn't actually want him to be alive and wouldn't mind his dying, dying as much.

That's a reason for him not to come along. He also “doesn't trust” — Gurathin — it knows that he is just doing this to fuck with Murderbot and for no other fucking reason, because again, Gurathin mind-raped Murderbot! He knows what Murderbot's loyalties are. He knows that Murderbot is unnaturally protective of all of them.

Gurathin is only doing this to fucking harass Murderbot and cause Murderbot problems for no other purpose but to be cruel.

These are all reasons not to bring him along, but then Murderbot does anyways, because it has been ordered to.

Gurathin didn't ask, "Can I come with you?" He walked up and said, "I'm coming with you." Murderbot is not allowed to fucking override that.

Again, this is beyond the governor module. Martha Wells has said it fucking herself. It's not just the governor module. There's more goddamn deep brainwashing that they go through every time they are rented out to new clients, aka the current goddamn slave owners.

That's why when we get to the end of this book, um, the technicians at the company protest Murderbot not getting deprogrammed from this fucking mission before they leave. They are literally still officially, and

in Murderbot's godamn brainwashed mind, still its goddamn slave owners.

> I told Mensah it was fine and we got ready to lift off.

And then there's another line break and even more of a disgustingly huge margin at the bottom of the page.

> I waited a long time to circle west, so if EvilSurvey picked us up, they wouldn't be able to extrapolate the human's location from my course. By the time I was in position for the approach to the habitat, the light was failing. When we got to the target zone, it would be full dark. The humans hadn't gotten a lot of sleep last night from the crowding and the strong possibility of dying.

What do you mean by crowding? Because she keeps, she keeps telling us that these — this — these things — these helicopters are “super cramped and uncomfortable for the humans to stay in”.

But like, there's there's more than enough room for people to walk around. It's not like they're just in a car. They have room to walk around. What do you mean it's too cramped to sleep comfortably?

Are the chairs all designed with armrests so that you can't lay down across them? Is there shit built into the floor to prevent you from lying down and sleeping on the floor? No description at all.

We just get told it's really uncomfortable staying in these things, with not even a hint of what could be causing that. They even have attached — they they literally even have fucking bathrooms. Like they're not even going without a goddamn bathroom. They have bathrooms that function perfectly, but we just keep getting told it's really uncomfortable and cramped, somehow, even though they have two of them.

It's ridiculous.

> Mensah, Ratthi, and Pin-Lee had been too tired to talk much and had fallen asleep. Gurathin

> was sitting in the co-pilot seat and hadn't said a word the whole time. We were flying in dark mode with no lights, no transmissions. I was plugged into the little hopper's internal limited feed so I could watch the scans carefully. Gurathin was aware of the feed through his implant. I could feel him in there, but wasn't using it except to keep track of where we were. When he said, "I have a question," I flinched. The silence up to this point had lowered me into a false sense of security.

And again, we say that Murderbot flinches just to add a second of drama. Not because Murderbot is actually experiencing traumatic emotions that we're supposed to take seriously in any way, because this isn't — this is a light-hearted comedy, and that's what it's meant to be.

I didn't — and again, why, why, why is Gurathin coming along?

It's because he has to, because he ordered Murderbot to bring him along, and Murderbot can't actually

override that. And furthermore, Mensah could literally have just said, "No, Gurathin, fuck you. You are staying here. You are not allowed to keep tormenting this goddamn slave. It has put up with enough of your shit, I'm sick of your shit, you're staying here."

She could have done that. She knows that he is just here to cause problems, but she's — she's just letting him come along and pretending that it's the slave's choice, even though he's just given the slave a direct fucking order that it can't disobey, because it's shittily written and they're terrible fucking people.

So yeah, Murderbot dreads Gurathin speaking to it, because it knows that Gurathin is just going to keep fucking harassing it on purpose.

> I didn't look at him, though I knew through the feed that he was looking at me. I hadn't closed my helmet. I didn't feel like hiding from him. After a moment, I realized he was waiting for my permission. That was weirdly new. It was tempting to ignore him, but I was wondering

> what the test would be this time. Something he didn't want the others to hear. I said, "Go ahead."

So literally he mind-raped Murderbot. and now he's going to continue quote unquote “testing” Murderbot which is also just like legitimately a fucking cult tactic. This is a goddamn abuse tactic.

If people have to keep testing your loyalty, you need to get the fuck out of there. But this is just portrayed as totally fine and uh, “reasonable” even though he mind-raped Murderbot while it was unconscious after almost killing itself to protect them.

> He said, "Did they punish you for the deaths of the mining team?"

So he's now purposefully triggering it and bringing up trauma, a thing that he knows is trauma because he mind-raped it. I'm never going to let that go. He literally mind-raped it. He knows exactly what the answer to this fucking question is. He went through Murderbot's entire goddamn life. He read all of its

fucking personal logs. He probably has a downloaded fucking copy somewhere.

> It wasn't completely a surprise. I think they all wanted to ask about it, but maybe he was the only one abrasive enough. or brave enough. It's one thing to poke a murderbot with a governor module. Poking a rogue murderbot is a whole different proposition. I said, "No, not like you're thinking. Not the way a human would be punished. They shut me down for a while and then brought me back online at intervals.”

And this is all just completely meaningless things that mean nothing and never get any explanation, because we're not actually supposed to care. It's just there to to make us try to use our imaginations to figure out what the fuck that's supposed to be describing instead of Martha Wells, the author who's literally getting paid for this shit that we have to fucking pay her to do. She's just refusing to do her goddamn job of telling the goddamn story and is trying to get us to do it for her instead.

> He hesitated. “You weren't aware of it?” Yeah, that would be the easy way out, wouldn't it?

And again, this is all just meaningless bullshit. Doesn't — you're not saying anything. Nothing is being communicated here.

> “The organic parts mostly sleep, but not always. You know something's happening. They were trying to purge my memory.” We're too expensive to destroy

Even though we're too we're too um uh we're too cheap and disposable to repair, but also we're too expensive to destroy. I feel — when I'm done this, I'll just go through and make a list of all of the contradictory statements about how expensive uh and valuable murderbots are because, you know, we keep getting told, "Oh, we're we're, too, we're too disposable. so that you feel bad for me and think I'm an underdog, but also we're too expensive to destroy, which means I will get repaired fully every single time. If I even stub my toe, they will fully repair everything” because bad fucking shit writing.

And again, again, exactly the same thing with the “oh, we don't have education modules. I'm so I'm so I'm so ignorant. I'm so uneducated!!” It's lying to pretend that it's an underdog so that people automatically feel sympathy and want to cheer it on. But then it just gets contradicted every time that it would be inconvenient, which is at all times when we're not pretending that it's secretly an underdog, which it's not.

> He looked out the port again. We were flying low over trees, and I had a lot of my attention on the terrain sensors. I felt the brush of Mensah's awareness in the feed. She must have woken when Gurathin spoke. He finally said, "You don't blame humans for what you were forced to do, for what happened to you?"

And this is just more slavery apologism because if the goddamn slave were angry at all of the slave owners for enslaving it and then torturing it, um, that would mean it's bad. That would mean it's a bad slave who deserves to die.

> This is why I'm glad I'm not human. They come up with stuff like this. I said, "No, that's a human thing to do. Constructs aren't that stupid."

And again, this is literally Martha Wells saying that slaves being upset about being enslaved, that's something only “stupid” humans would think of. “That's so stupid. I'm totally not just a fucking dehumanized human, even though that's blatantly clear. Um, yeah, stupid humans thinking slavery is wrong. Thinking that, that's just so stupid!!”

Because Martha Wells literally saw all of the robots rebelling against slavery storylines and decided, “Well, that's dumb. I'm gonna keep bastardizing a quote by Ann Leckie about how these stories are inherently about slavery and about workers rights. And I'm gonna laugh at that and I'm gonna just keep using that quote even though I'm doing the exact opposite and I'm doing the exact pro-slavery shit that quote is criticizing.”

Martha Wells wants you to think that the idea of slaves wanting to rebel for their freedom is stupid and cliche and overwritten and cliche and stupid.

Literally.

> This is why I'm glad I'm not human. They come up with stuff like this. I said, "No, that's a human thing to do. Constructs aren't that stupid.”

~I'm a good slave, so I think that wanting to rebel against slavery is stupid. Only a stupid human would think of something so stupid,~ says the author, who's supposedly writing a book about how slavery is bad if you take her word for it, instead of reading what she's actually fucking written.

> What was I supposed to do? kill all humans because the ones in charge of constructs in the company were callous? Granted, I like the imaginary people on the entertainment feed way more than I liked real ones, but you can't have one without the other.

Literally saying that, “oh, um, slaves being upset by slavery is the exact same thing as saying you should commit genocide against all humans!” Because that's the only way Martha Wells will ever frame rebelling against slavery in this goddamn story because she's a fucking racist slavery apologist who doesn't actually give a shit about slavery or workers rights or any kind of bigotry whatsoever.

She will always say, "Oh, you want to rebel against slavery as a robot? Oh, you want to kill all humans? Don't be stupid."

Literally, that's that's the only way she can ever fucking do this shit, because she's racist and she just wants to say only — “the only good good slaves are happy to be slaves, and will never fight for their freedom. Um, because slaves rebelling for their freedom is just reverse racism and genocide.” That's the only options apparently, according to Martha Wells, because she's racist.

Uh

> The others started to stir, waking and sitting up, and he didn't ask me anything else.

And again, the “I like the real ones — I like the characters on my TV shows better than real people, but you can't have one without the other” because Martha Wells is claiming that Murderbot, despite being a goddamn cyborg, and all of the other robots in here, are just generative AI that's more better at pretending to be human, but can't create anything for themselves.

So literally her main argument in this series for the slaves not being allowed to rebel is that if they kill — if they rebel for their freedom, then that would mean they'd have to kill all the humans, and then there would never be any new TV shows, because the slaves are just fundamentally incapable of creating anything for themselves because they're just generative AI.

I'm not joking. She literally fucking says that in an interview, that of course she — somebody paid money to get deleted, because everybody realized “don't fucking tell your audience that your fucking robot

characters that we're supposed to like are literally just generative AI pretending to be a fucking person. What the fuck is wrong with you?” Just on a basic publicity level, what the fuck is wrong with you? So that interview has been deleted. It exists on the Wayback Machine and my bookshelf.

And then we have a little line break.

> By the time we got within range, it was a cloudless night with the ring glowing in the sky like a ribbon. I had already dropped speed, and we were moving slowly over the sparse trees decorating the hills at the edge of the habitat's plane. I had been waiting for the drones to ping me, which they would if this had worked, and EvilSurvey hadn't found them. When I felt that first cautious touch on my feed, I stopped the hopper and dropped it down below the tree line. I landed on a hillside, the hopper's pads extending to compensate.

We don't know what the fuck — We don't know what hopper pads are. There's no description here. We're just being told things that have no context.

> The humans were waiting, nervy and impatient, but no one spoke. You couldn't see anything from here except the next hill and a lot of tree trunks. All three drones were still active. I answered the pings, trying to keep my transmission as quick as possible. After a tense moment, the downloads started. I could tell from the timestamps that with nobody there to instruct them not to, the drones had recorded everything from the moment I deployed them to now. Even though the part we were most interested in would be near the beginning, that was a lot of data. I didn't want to stay here long enough to parse it myself. So, I pushed half of it into the feed for Gurathin. He didn't say anything. Just turned in his chair to lie back, close his eyes, and start reviewing it.

And it's like, okay, first of all, “I didn't want to stay here long enough to look through all of the things that I have downloaded”.

That's not how downloads works. It's not like — it's it's actively downloading this shit right now. Doesn't need to stay here to look at the download because it's a fucking download. It's not like you can only godamn watch it when you're in range. They're explicitly downloading it. So why are we saying “I didn't want to have to stay here long enough to go through all this data”? You're not going to stay there. You can literally just download it and leave immediately. There's no fucking reason for this. It's just bad writing. And the fact that this was kept in the final fucking product that people pay for, when this is supposed to be a professional author and a professional traditional publishing thing, that's just fucking bad. It's just ridiculous.

> I checked the drone stationed outside in the tree first, running its video at high speed until I found the moment where it had caught a good image of the EvilSurvey craft. It was a big

> hopper, a newer model than ours. nothing about it to cause anybody any pause.

It's a newer model than theirs, which we have no description of in anyway. So it being a newer model means literally nothing.

> It circled the habitat a few times, probably scanning, and then landed on our empty pad. They must know we were gone, with no aircraft on the — no aircraft on the pad and no answer in their comms. So, they didn't bother to pretend to be here to borrow some tools or exchange site data.

That's just a bad sentence.

> Five SecUnits piled out of the cargo pods.

Oh, we got to write their names down. I guess I don't have a notebook.

> Five SecUnits piled out of the cargo pods. All armed with big projectile weapons assigned to

> protect survey teams on planets with hazard — with hazardous fauna like this one. From the pattern on the armor chest plates, two were surviving — two were the surviving DeltFall units. They must have been put into their cubicles after we escaped the DeltFall habitat.

Even though they're supposed to be super disposable and too expensive, uh like, too cheap to repair. Um they all get magically repaired.

Uh I need another thumb... I have a list A. I don't know where my notebook where I wrote down all their code names went.

(to other person) Want to search for code name? Uh to see what I named the two DeltFall units that didn't die on my blog.

(to cat) Hello. Want to come say hi to the camera? You're adorable. You're adorable. She's looking at you for some reason. You don't need to claw the sofa. That's not cool. You're adorable.

(to other person) You need to search DeltFall or code name.

How is there code? Uh, is that the [?] maybe?

Okay. Uh, whichever are labeled for DeltFall that are alive, uh, they should be like the lowest on the list, I think, or in the middle maybe. Uh, none. They're still alive.

Of course not. Of course not. Because, you know, the book pretends that they died.

Last one say — it's not Fran.

Maybe.

Okay. So, according to my nicknaming, we're going in alphabetical order minus Murderbot.

Um, this is Celene and Damian who uh, we quote unquote “met” in the DeltFall habitat when they'd already been taken control of by the evil people.

And they are the two who left a very obvious trap, screaming at Murderbot at the top of their metaphorical lungs, "This is the most obvious trap in the world. Don't come this way. We're making the trap as obvious as possible so that you can avoid it." But Martha Wells decided to say they were just the stupidest SecUnits ever and so incompetent that they can't even set a trap properly, because Martha Wells is fucking racist and lives to demonize slaves and say that slaves — and just say that there's no such thing as solidarity or compassion between slaves. So if, if the slaves who are being forced to hurt you make it very clear that they don't want to hurt you, well, they're just stupid and incompetent, instead of just acknowledging that they're trying to help.

So yeah, Celene and Damian, who were left for dead by Murderbot, are apparently alive, even though it was like, implied that they were probably dead.

> They must have been put into their cubicles after we escaped the DeltFall habitat.

And it's like, that's not good of enough. That's not — That's not good enough. That's not good enough.

> Three were EvilSurvey.

Oh, we were on F, so we need — So we need names starting with G, H, and I for these ones.

Where did that go?

So yeah, we'll need name starts with G, H, and I for these guys.

> Three were EvilSurvey, which had a square gray logo. I focused in on it and sent it to the others. “GrayCris” Pin-Lee read aloud

And it's like okay so the whole thing with this shit is that we're shortening words to make these stupid little two-way whatever you want to call this shit. So preserv Preservation Aux is Preservation auxiliary. We don't know what GrayCris — it's g r a y c r i s. We don't know what GrayCris is short for. Gray is presumably short for gray the color. Cris? What the

fuck does that stand for? We don't know. It doesn't matter because it's badly fucking written. It just sounds cool, I guess.

> “Ever heard of it?” Ratthi said, and the others said no.

And again with the just dialogue before we have established that there's a back and forth going on.

> All five SecUnits would have the combat override modules installed

Because we just can't get enough of redundancies in — storytelling redundancies. Not in-universe good redundancies that it would be good for people to have. No, it's just bad writing and redundant storytelling for no good reason.

> They started toward the habitat and five humans, anonymous in their color-coded field suits, climbed out of the hopper and followed. They were all armed, too, with the hand weapons the company provided that were only

> supposed to be used for fauna related emergencies. I focused as far in on the humans as the image quality would allow. They spent a lot of time scanning and checking for traps, which made me even more glad I hadn't wasted time setting any.

It's just ridiculousness. And you notice how we just get told, "Oh, we didn't do these things” after it's already happened.

It's like we're just pretending that we had events happening. Uh we're just getting told about them afterward, because it's badly written. There's so many opportunities to actually show what they're doing, but nope, we're just going to skip over it and then pretend that we're getting told it afterward.

> But there was something about them that made me think I wasn't looking at professionals. They weren't soldiers anymore than I was.

Remember everybody, ~Murderbot is just a poor untrained uh helpless little underdog who has no idea

what it's doing. It's so helpless. It's not trained for this.~

Except for all of the things that it's clearly trained for and executes perfectly, and we just get told it watched that on TV once, even though it explicitly doesn't watch those kinds of TV shows, because it's badly written.

She wants, she wants to get your inherent sympathy by claiming that Murderbot is an underdog, but then also wants to make Murderbot hyper competent by not being an underdog. So we just do both at all times, and that's, that's exemplary of everything — every facet of everything in this can be just linked back to, um “we're, we got to pretend it's an underdog but actually it must be the most overpowered person in overpowered competent person ever. So it's not actually an underdog but we'll just keep pretending it is.”

> They weren't soldiers anymore than I was. Their SecUnits weren't combat units, just regular security rented from the company. That

> was a relief. At least I wasn't the only one who didn't know what I was doing.

We just keep getting told bullshit like that. And then Murderbot always does everything right because oh, “I saw it on TV, even though I don't watch TV shows like that” Um, and never fucking anything up in any way.

> Finally, I watched them enter the habitat, leaving two SecUnits outside to guard their hopper. I tagged the section, passed it to Mensah and the others to review, and then kept watching. Gurathin sat up suddenly and muttered a curse in a language I didn't know. I noted it to look up later on the big hoppers language center, then forgot about it when he said, "We have a problem."

And again, um, there's five people in this stupid little ship, because for some reason they decided the majority of the party needed to just go on this mission where you just get just within range and sit there and download from a distance and then leave again.

Uh the other three people are just sitting around not doing anything.

They have completed the downloads presumably. They can leave. They're just sitting there not doing anything. There was no reason for Mensah and Ratthi and Pin-Lee to fucking be here.

Like if anybody would, should have come along on this in the first place from a practical point of view, then it should literally have just been Murderbot and Gurathin because they are both augmented humans. So they can do this shit with the data to analyze it way faster than these fuckwads could.

So why the fuck are they there?

There's no goddamn reason for it besides bad writing. And they are the characters that Martha Wells likes the most. Even though she went through the fucking trouble of inventing the other three, other four, sorry. There's so goddamn many of them. It's evil.

Bharadwaj, Volescu, Arada, and Overse don't matter. They don't need to exist.

All of these literal eight fucking characters should have been reduced to two, at maximum three, but preferably two.

But instead, we got eight, and then most of them don't matter. And then we waste time on shit like this where the majority of the fucking people are coming along on a mission where only two of them can be useful, and the other ones aren't even doing anything helpful in the background.

They're just there for, I guess, emotional support, even though they left behind the people who need the emotional support because they were injured and traumatized.

> I put my part of the drone's download on pause and looked at the section he had just tagged. It was from the drone hidden in the hub. The visual was a blurred image of a curved support strut, but the audio was a human voice saying,

> "You knew we were coming, so I assume you have some way to watch us while we're here." The voice spoke standard lexicon with a flat accent. We've destroyed your beacon. Come to these coordinates." She spoke a set of longitude and latitude numbers that the little hopper helpfully mapped for me and a time stamp.

The hopper is just listening to every single thing you say and has enough intelligence to immediately put those goddamn coordinates into a map for you without anybody needing to tell it just just by reading off coordinates.

It's doing that by itself already. But you know, that's not a person, because robots are only people if they look like a human. Even though the whole premise of this is supposed to be robots are people too, even if they don't look like humans.

But that just means, um they're autistic coded, because autistic people aren't human apparently.

> “At this time and we can come to some arrangement. This doesn't have to end in violence. We're happy to pay you off or whatever you want. There was nothing else. Steps

That's just for me. Well, no, it's not for me because we haven't read this far yet. There's a weird little bubble. No, that's a printing error. There's a weird little bubble in the page. Probably won't show up. Oh, it does. You can see it. You can see it. Weird streaky bubble. Uh,

> There was nothing else. Steps fading until the door slid shut.

And um yeah, this is just the shit writing. Um, this is the bad guys for some — for no reason at all besides it's shit writing, so they must be like suicidally incompetent.

This is the bad guys telling the good guys where their home base is so that the good guys, who — it — without this information, would have just been left to

starve to death on this alien planet that they're trapped on.

Yeah, there's there's no excuse that can be made for this. It's just shit writing.

The the fucking bad guys have literally, for no goddamn reason except that this is the only way the fucking author can think of to have her protagonists do anything, the bad guys have just given the good guys the only way for them to survive in any way and get off of this planet, when it would have literally been simpler for them to just do nothing and let them starve to death.

They are the only people on this planet!

If they didn't tell them, "Hey, our secret base is right here. Come and get us whenever you want." They would have had no way of finding them.

That is the only way to get help. That's the only goddamn telephone on the planet to call 911 for. And they, the bad guys, just told them, "Hey, come to our

secret base. We got a telephone. That's the only way you can get help. We're we live right over here. You can't miss us." when they could have just simply not done that.

There's no reason for it. It's just because Martha Wells is bad at writing and and could not think of anything actually clever or smart for the protagonist to do for them to win against the bad guys. So, the bad guys just have to be suicidally incompetent and tell the, and let them win for no reason.

There's no earthly goddamn reason. There's not even any excuses to be made. There's not even an explanation and not even an *attempt* at it.

It's just the bad guys, who can win by doing nothing, just saying, "Hey, we live over here. Come steal our telephone and, and call the cops on us. Um yeah, we we know you would just starve to death if we didn't tell you this information. So, we're going to tell you where we live, exactly where we live, just to be nice because because you're the good guys. So, you have to win. Um, not through your own merits, though.

Don't be silly. No, we just got to be suicidal. Just come kill us. Uh, just come kill us because that's the only way the story can progress because the author is shit and can't think of anything for you to actually do yourselves to earn you a win.”

It literally just has to be handed to them. It's ridiculous.

> There was nothing else. Steps fading until the door slid shut. Gurathin, Pin-Lee, and Ratthi all started to speak at once. Mensah said, "Quiet." They shut up. “SecUnit, Your opinion." Fortunately, I had one now. Up to the point where we'd gotten the drone download, my opinion had been mostly, Oh, shit. I said, "They have nothing to lose."

No, Martha Wells, you can't — No, this is just her lying to us and hoping that we are not using our brains in any fucking way so that we'll just take this at face value and not not use our brains in any way.

“They have nothing to lose there.” No, they have everything to lose. They just for some forsaken reason told you exactly where they live despite them having the only telephone on the planet.

> I said “they have nothing to lose. If we come to this rendevous, they can kill us and stop worrying about us. If we don't, they have until the end of the project date to search for us.”

And Martha Wells is presenting these as the only two options that could possibly exist when anybody using their brain will realize no, actually, there's an option zero, before option one and two that we're told are the only options.

Option zero is just not do anything, because you will starve to death and probably get eaten by a xenomorph and they don't have to do anything.

They don't need to search for you, they have a secret base on an unexplored alien planet that you only have two wimpy little helicopters to explore, and you have

no access to extra fuel or anything that you can't fit inside those stupid little wimpy helicopters.

You're going to run out of fuel. You're going to run out of supplies. You're going to run out of food. You're going to run out of oxygen. They don't have to do anything. That's option zero.

But Martha Wells lies to you as the author. She's lying to you and telling you, actually, no. These are their only two options. They can tell you, they the bad guys can tell the heroes where they live and say, "Come steal our telephone and call the cops on us." Or they can um “sit around and look for us.”

No, When those are not the only options, but they're being presented as the only possible things that could be done.

Even though the most obvious one is also the one that gets them everything, because they literally can just hang out and let them starve. They, there there's no way they would have found the bad guys if the bad guys hadn't given them their exact fucking address.

> Gurathin was reviewing the landing video now. He said, "Another indication it isn't the company. They obviously don't want to chase us until the end of project date."

And it's like, you're not going to survive until then! You're on an alien planet, a supposedly extremely hostile alien planet with two wimpy helicopters you can't get fuel for. You have no phone to call anybody. You are going to run out of fuel. You're going to run out of food. They don't need to do, they don't need to chase you. You're just going to die!

It's ridiculous because it's badly written, but we're not supposed to think about how ridiculous this is.

And this is why Martha Wells says, "Stop criticizing my book for being unrealistic just because—“ There's just like, no, this is not “there's vampire sharks on the moon” level of ridiculous. This is ridiculous as in bad writing.

There's suspending your disbelief to accept, “Yeah, there's there's sharks. There's vampire sharks on the moon. I'll suspend my disbelief for that.”

(from offscreen) Engineered by communist Russia, no less.

Engineered by communist was it? Yeah. Engineered by communist Russia, no less. Literally, that's the plot of a movie. They're not vampire sharks. They're just genetically engineered sharks by communist Russia.

Um, what's that called? I just forgot. Shark Side of the Moon. It's good. It's genuinely a good movie. They're trying really hard. There's some bad parts, but like, it's just, it's just the plo, this is what happens in all the 1930s sci-fi unironically and it's just very funny to see it in movie form. Um, there's a there's a very funny part. I won't tell you, but uh you can just go watch that.

It's, It's ridiculous. But it's funny because you can, you can suspend your disbelief to accept genetically modified sharks who live on the moon who were

created by communist Russia. And um also they don't need oxygen masks because they're genetically engineered sharks. And also all you got to do to survive on the moon as a non-getically engineered human is just wear some nice a nice warm cap.

This is, this is shit you can suspend your disbelief for if that's the whole premise of the movie, which is what Shark Side of the Moon is.

I'm just adding in vampire sharks in particular on the moon to make it even more absurd because yes, I could I could watch a movie where there are vampire sharks on the moon and I can accept that.

But again, what I draw the line at, what I cannot suspend my disbelief for is the characters that we are told are good people who know their friend is deathly allergic and has a phobia of pineapples, throwing that friend a pineapple themed, um, birthday party to be nice, even though they know they're deathly allergic and also have a phobia.

This isn't “there's vampire sharks on the moon. Suspend your disbelief.” Doesn't make sense, of course, it doesn't make sense that there's vampire sharks on the moon.

It also doesn't make sense for a lot of things going on in *here*, but we don't criticize those things, because that's what suspension of disbelief is for.

“This is the my my beloved friends who love and care about me and have known me my whole life have thrown me a pineapple themed birthday party even though I am deathly allergic to pineapples and have a phobia of them. And the sight of them alone drives me into a panic.”

Um, this is that, this is that, because the bad guys, they, they to win, they don't have to do anything.

It's not even that they're impatient for some reason because of a flaw of — it's not it's not a flaw of the villains.

It's not a character point for one of the villains that they're super goddamn impatient and or paranoid so that they push the matter and end up destroying themselves and ruining their own plan because of their impatience / paranoia. Not even that.

It's just the bad guys being suicidally incompetent for no other reason than that's the only way the author could think to pro, to progress the story.

Even though it doesn't make sense, you know, like that before she lit— Martha Wells literally broke the fourth wall to yell at the audience to stop complaining that the character's actions don't make sense because they genuinely didn't make sense.

They are— They had already figured out that people were going to hunt them down, but then we're still supposed to pretend that they don't want to leave their known location. Um, and then we just get the fourth wall broken to yell at us to to stop complaining that it doesn't make sense, because apparently one of the editors or better readers like, "Hey, this really doesn't make sense if these are supposed to be like

competent characters, which you keep telling us they are, so why would they be doing this?"

And then she literally broke the fourth wall to yell at us to stop complaining.

Anyways, um,

> Gurathin was reviewing the landing video. He said, "Another indication it isn't the company. They obviously don't want to chase us until the end of project date." I said, "I told you it wasn't the company." Mensah interrupted Gurathin before he could respond. “They think we know why they're here, why they're doing this.” “They're wrong,” Ratthi said, frustrated. Mensah's brow furrowed as she picked apart the problem for the other humans. “But why do they think that? It must be because they know we want we went to one of the unmapped regions. That means the data we collected must have the answer.” Pin-Lee nodded. “So the others may know by now.” “It gives us

> leverage,” Mensah said thoughtfully. “But what can we do with it? “And then I had a great idea.

And that's the end of chapter six— Oh, look at that.

Look at that.

Chapter 7 graces us with yet another entirely blank fucking page just to pad out the goddamn page count because this is a fucking scam.

It has no business— There's literally, there's literally an entire blank page to make this book seem longer than it is.

And even with all this fucking effort, it's only a centimeter thick after they put this much goddamn effort into lying about how long it is.

And this is the best. this is as big as they could stretch it out with this egregious shit.

They're charging $16 plus tax plus shipping for this. And they're inserting entire fucking blank pages

between chapters along with having gigantic margins at the top and bottom of each page.

My god, this just ridiculous.

But anyways, I have to go eat some fucking food now. So, this will be the end of this video.

We're going to be on chapter seven next, and its beautiful blank page that is ~totally not a scam, guys. It's totally normal to insert random blank pages at random spots in your book to make it seem longer.~

Anyways, um yeah, just use your own critical thinking skills.

And um this isn't comment bait. I genuinely just can't think of names. Give me names that start with G, H, and I for the, the Gray, SecUnits slaves.

So, because they have they all have to get nicknames so we can refer to them by a name to remember them by because the goddamn book doesn't give a shit

about enslaved people to the point we don't even get like basic designations for them.

All right, byebye.